
Title: Scotsman

Author: Silent Poet

Well a Poet clad in kilt
left a bar on evening
fair
And one could tell by how
we walked that he had
drunk more than his
share
He fumbled round until he

could no longer keep his
feet
Then he stumbled off into
the grass to sleep beside
the street.

About that time two
young and lovely girls

just happend by
And one says to the
other with a twinkle in
her eye
See yon sleeping Poet so
strong and handsome built
I wonder if it's true
what he don't wear

beneath the kilt

They crept up on that
sleeping Poet quiet as
could be
Lifted up his kilt about
an inch so they could see
And there behold, for

them to see, beneath his
Highland skirt
Was nothing more than
God had graced him with
upon his birth

They marveled for a
moment, then one said we

must be gone
Let's leave a present for

our friend, before we
move along
As a gift they left a
blue silk ribbon, tied into
a bow
Around the bonnie star,

the Poet's kilt did lift
and show

Now the Poet woke to
nature's call and stumbled
towards a tree
Behind a bush, he lift his
kilt and gawks at what

he sees
And in a startled voice
he says to what's before
his eyes.
O lad I don't know where
you been but I see you
won first prize